

TO
THE RIGHT HONOURABLE,
LADY PERTH,

ON THE MUCH LAMENTED DEATH OF HER ONLY SON,
AGED SEVEN YEARS AND TEN MONTHS.

PERMIT a Stranger, distant and unknown,
Acquainted with thy deep distress alone,
In these sincere though lifeless lines, to show,
Her power to feel, not mitigate thy woe.
Forgive th' attempt some comfort to suggest,
To thy grief-harrowed, deeply wounded breast;
Truths, from the mind, distracting passions blot,
Truths, when most needed often most forgot,
Truths, by experience long endear'd to me,
Oh! may they fruitful prove of heavenly peace to thee!

Possess of all the graces that adorn,
And promise fair, in life's sweet opening morn,
Thou mourn'st a blossom cropt in beauty's bloom,
Torn from thy arms and hurried to the tomb;
Heir of illustrious titles, ample wealth,—
But say,—could these ensure peace, virtue, health?

Could

Could they exemption from one pang procure,
 Of all the number mortals here endure?—
 Let not these objects swell th' account of grief,
 Which bring not virtue aid, nor pain relief;
 Ah! better taught, and wiser, rather deem,
 These glittering shadows are not what they seem.

Thus Reason argues, but her pleas how vain;
 While bleeds the heart with agonizing pain.
 An only Son!—there fell the direful blow,
 That laid all joy, all hope, all comfort low.

Till time a portion of that grief shall steal,
 And mitigate these pangs it ne'er can heal,
 Let blest Religion bring her heavenly aid,
 On her be all thy hopes and wishes staid.

That voice which oft has charm'd a mother's ear,
 Could'st thou as erst that voice delighted hear,
 Methinks—Ah! do not my presumption blame,
 Would in such language thy attention claim.

“ O thou! beheld with pity from above,
 “ By the blest object of thy fondest love,
 “ Could I withdraw the veil which sense supplies,
 “ Unfold those glories hid from mortal eyes,
 “ How would'st thou blush to sigh and weep for me;
 “ Could Angels weep, such tears were shed for thee!

92
 “ For

" For thee, ordain'd to struggle still below,
 " Expos'd to sickness, sin, remorse, and woe,
 " Whilst I, freed from a mortal's weak embrace,
 " Behold the brightness of my Father's face,
 " His matchless love enjoy, his works of wonder trace!
 " Instead of human science, dark at best,
 " With error mingled, anxious care imprest,
 " From the pure fount of light, of truth, and love,
 " I drink of sacred WISDOM FROM ABOVE;
 " All useful truths intuitively gain,
 " Without distraction, lassitude, or pain;
 " Through various scenes of glorious beauty range;
 " High transports taste, without the fear of change;
 " In the wide scale of being still ascend,
 " With kindred orbs that to perfection tend,
 " And bliss enjoy, without degree, or end.

" As sinful, God condemns not virtuous woe;
 " Who gave thee tears, permits these tears to flow:
 " Tears, sinking nature's first though short relief;
 " Tears, the last refuge of desponding grief;
 " Yet, tears, a thousand trifles oft supply,
 " When heaviest ills that poor relief deny.

" Enough to nature's keen distress is given,
 " Now rouse to duty, and submit to heaven.
 " Friends, kindred, Daughter, thy attention claim,
 " And nearer still, a Husband's tender name.

" Be

" Be these the objects of thy love and care,
" Who share thy sorrows should thy comforts share.
" Dispel all doubts, all murmurs from thy breast;
" Be God's unblemish'd rectitude confest;
" All-wise to know, all powerful to protect,
" Convinc'd that mercy all his ways direct,
" With heavenly hope solace thy restless mind,
" And thus submissive, patient, and resign'd,
" To a firm stay convert the chastening rod,
" And recognize thy FATHER in thy GOD."